THE

# DRAMATIC CENSOR;

OR,

# Weekly Theatrical Report.

## NUMBER XXV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1800.

*Sis, licet, infestus*
*——— licet, execrere, meumque*
*Devoveas sine fine caput; cupiasque dolenti*
*Me tibi forte dari, nostrumque haurire cruorem;*
*Utque tui mihi, sic fiat tibi copia nostri:*
*Te tamen aggrediar.*
*——— Mihi victoria parta est:*
*Pergama tunc vici, cum* VINCI POSSE *cŏegi!*

The First Volume of the DRAMATIC CENSOR being now completed, the work may be had, either in separate Numbers, or in Sets, half-bound, price Seven Shillings, by applying to the Publishers, J. ROACH, Russel-court, Drury-lane; or C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall Mall.

## DRURY-LANE, FRIDAY, *June* 13, 1800.

### TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH—*R. B. Sheridan.* SCOTCH GHOST. OF AGE TO-MORROW.

THE indisposition of Mrs. WALCOT has afforded Mrs. SPARKES several very fair opportunities of appearing to advantage before the

public. She sustained the part of *Mrs. Coupler* in the Comedy, and that of *Lady Brumback* in the Farce.

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## COVENT-GARDEN, FRIDAY, *June* 13, 1800.

### THE DUENNA—*R. B. Sheridan.* THE SULTAN—*Bickerstaff.*

THIS truly excellent and sprightly Comic Opera was revived this evening, after having lain dormant four years, for the Benefit of the *Bayswater General Lying-in Hospital.* The PROPRIETORS, with that liberality which so eminently distinguishes their public conduct, accommodated the Institution with the use of their Theatre, *free of all charges and expence*; and the Performers, equally to their honour, volunteered the gratuitous assistance of their talents on this charitable occasion.

To launch into panegyric on the merits of a Drama so universally known, and so justly admired, would be nugatory and impertinent. It has stood the test of experience, and we may safely add, has never been surpassed by any subsequent production of the kind. We shall, therefore, restrict our comments to a specification of the cast of the characters.

*Isaac Mendoza*, - - - - - - Mr. QUICK.

*Ferdinand*, { *By Permission of the Preprietors of Drury Lane Theatre.* } Mr. CLARKE.

*Don Jerome*, { *First Appearance on this Stage.* } Mr. BAYNES.

*Antonio*,

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| *Antonio,* | Mr. HILL. |
| *Father Paul,* | Mr. THOMSON. |
| *Lopez,* | Mr. WILDE. |
| *Don Carlos,* | *By a* LADY, *being her first Appearance.* |
| *Duenna,* | Mrs. WHITMORE. |
| *Louisa,* | Mrs. MARTYR. |
| *Clara,* | Mrs. ATKINS. |

The several Performers exerted themselves with the sincerest desire to please; but we were sorry to see their laudable efforts in the cause of benevolence, not better seconded by the generosity of the public. The House exhibited a deplorable appearance of empty seats.

Mr. QUICK gave a spirited and highly characteristic delineation of "*Little Cunning Isaac.*" Mr. BAYNES displayed much ability, as *Don Jerome.* He sings in a bold manly style, and possesses talents which might be rendered valuable, if he chose to follow the stage as an occupation. Mr. THOMSON's performance of *Father Paul* is, likewise, entitled to considerable commendation.

In the Entertainment of *The Sultan,* Mrs. JORDAN very kindly sustained the part of *Roxalana,* in which she introduced the flimsy, but *undeservedly* popular song, "*The Blue Bell of Scotland.*" Mr. BARRYMORE (of Drury-Lane Theatre) personated *Solyman.* Mr. CLARKE (of the same Theatre) acted *Osmar.* Miss WHEATLEY was the representative of *Ismene*; and Mrs. FOLLET supported the character of *Elmira.*

To add to the attractions of the evening, a Pantomimical Ballet, composed by Mr. BYRNE, called the *Animated Statue*, was represented by permission of the Proprietors of the *Royal Circus*.

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## DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, *June* 14, 1800.

THE HAUNTED TOWER—*Cobb.* THE CITIZEN—*A. Murphy.*

A young Lady, of the name of USHER, made her *debut* this evening, in the character of *Maria*. Short, as is the part, it admits of great scope and variety of talent; and may therefore be considered as a difficult essay for a first appearance. The young candidate, however, for Theatrical honours wanted not *confidence*; and, upon the whole, acquitted herself better than we expected. She seemed to form her style of acting upon the model of Mrs. JORDAN.

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☞ *No Performance of any kind whatever at Covent-Garden Theatre this evening.*

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## DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, *June* 16, 1800.

THE BELLE's STRATAGEM—*Mrs. Cowley.* THE SHIPWRECK—*S. Arnold.*

MRS. JORDAN performed the part of *Letitia Hardy*. Her acting is the sole recommendation, which this Comedy, as at present *most shamefully* got up at Drury-Lane, (a subject on which we took a former occasion

occasion to animadvert, with becoming freedom—see DRAMATIC CENSOR, VOL. I. page 31,) can be said to possess.

The beautiful Ballad of *Crazy Jane*, so charming in itself, as a poetical composition; so admirably set to music, and so delightfully sung by Mrs. BLAND, in the character of *Sally Shamrock*, is a great and seasonable relief to the dullness and insipidity of the *Shipwreck*, which can only be called an Entertainment—παρ' ἀντιφρασιν—*anglice*, by *misnomer*.

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## COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *June* 16, 1800.

BRITANNIA.—*A Commemorative Oratorio, by* Mr. BUSBY.

STRICTLY speaking, some objection, peradventure, might attach to our classing an *Oratorio*, like *Britannia*, in the list of *Dramatic* productions. But, without entering into an elaborate discussion; without attempting to reconcile the diversity of sentiment, which probably may obtain on this head, we conceive ourselves warranted in noticing the present performance; as well on account of its *novelty*, (but *one* instance, we believe, occurring of the getting-up of a *new* Oratorio during the lapse of twenty years and upwards) as on account of the peculiar circumstances under which it was brought forward.

To judge from the prevailing bias of popular opinion, it should seem, that the great and merited celebrity acquired by HANDEL, in the line of *Oratorio-composition*,

*torio-composition*, instead of stimulating other Professors to an experiment of their powers, has rather operated to the discouragement of competition, and deadened that spirit of emulation, which may justly be considered as the legitimate parent of excellence. It has become a *national* habit (if we may be allowed the phrase) to circumscribe and restrict all merit in this line to the original proprietor; to *identify the artist and the art*; and to suppose the one co-existent and co-eval with the other. On this principle alone can we account for the excess to which the prejudice in favour of HANDEL's compositions has been carried; and carried to such a degree, that men of science themselves have not scrupled to affirm, that Nature never did, and never will produce a genius worthy to be placed on a par with that great master—

*Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.*

Nothing can be more foreign to our intentions, than a wish to depreciate the merits of that sublime composer. On the contrary, we cheerfully acquiesce in paying that tribute of homage and applause to which his transcendant abilities so justly entitle him. We only wish to combat error; to remove a prejudice which has the baneful tendency to crush rising worth, and to fetter Genius in the trammels of superstition. We wish the powers of the human mind to have fair play; to meet the public tribunal on equitable terms; to experience a candid, unwarped, unbiassed award.

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To return from this digression to the immediate subject of enquiry, we must do Mr. BUSBY the justice to acknowledge, that he has successfully trodden in the footsteps of his great predecessor. Considered merely in a professional light, the New Oratorio of *Britannia* possesses an indisputable claim to superior praise and commendation. Profundity of science, richness of harmony, and sweetness of melody, are most happily blended together, and form its leading characteristics. But, as a *literary* composition, especially with a view to its professed object, the *naval atchievements* of Great Britain, it is a most incongrous performance. The First Part, with the exception of six introductory lines, by Mr. GRETTON, and the concluding stanzas, by the EDITOR of the DRAMATIC CENSOR, has very little, if any reference to the avowed design. The words are taken entirely from GRAY's well-known Pindaric Ode, *The Progress of Poesy*. They are at once totally foreign to the *theme*, as detailed in the title page; and too abstract, too elevated, too much above the level of a common capacity, to be popular. They stand totally detached from the occasion.

The Second Part, written by Mr. GRETTON, is an absolute refinement upon the genuine *Namby Pamby* style. Knowing, as we do from personal acquaintance, the Composer to be a Gentleman of sound taste and judgment, we not a little marvel that he should have the patience to set such trash

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to music. As a proof that we are not wantonly and unjustly severe in our animadversions, we subjoin a specimen of the poetry.

After a feeble introductory *Chorus*, which ushers in the Second Part, we are presented with a *Duet* of uncommon beauty and sublimity, in which the Poet, by a bold and well-timed metaphor, converts the Goddess of Harmony into a *stone-mason*, and furnishing her with a trowel and a hod of mortar, calls upon her to erect forthwith, at a *cheap rate*, the *Naval Pillar*, *decreed* as a token of public gratitude to the gallant tars, who vindicate "Britannia's Empire o'er the seas," but which said pillar hitherto remains *unbuilt*, for want of the needful pecuniary * supplies.

Mr. GRETTON opens his glorious Invocation thus—

"Come thou Goddess bland and free,
"By men *y-cle-ped* Harmony,
"A Fane to raise, which shall survive
"The wreck of time—to ages give
"The soul-inspiring Hero's name,
"Eternal on the roll of Fame."

The elegance of the diction, the rich flow of metre, the ease, the suavity, and yet vigour, which characterise these lines, beggar all description.

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* These supplies, by the bye, we greatly fear, are not likely to be furnished by Mr. GRETTON's Muse, rich and powerful as that Muse unquestionably is.

Precisely

Precisely in the self-same spirit, and glowing with equal fire, is the following incomparable air, in which, among other prominent beauties, the Poet is entitled to peculiar praise for not imitating the common practice of his brother-versifiers: he certainly cannot be accused of sacrificing *sense* to *rhyme*.

" Would the factious sons of France,
" Wield again the hostile lance?
" Would her vaunting leaders *dare*
" Pour on our coast th' ensanguin'd *war?*
" Scorn, British courage, scorn the *threat*,
" And hurl the recreants to their *fate!*"

A little further on, the Poet towers above himself, and rising with his subject, soars *beyond the visible diurnal sphere*, to " that Being, *whence* springs the Empire of the Sea!" He now spurns " *fugiente penna*," the regions of common sense, and " *nil mortale loquens*," huddles image upon image, trope on trope, and hyperbole on hyperbole, (after the example of Earth's giant sons, who thrice essayed to pile *Ossa* on *Pelion*, and *Olympus* upon *Ossa*) and tags together metaphors incongruous and heterogeneal, till it puzzles a plain man to comprehend his drift and meaning, as may be seen in the following *Air*—

" Lowly bend the humble knee
" To that Being, *whence* must spring
" Alone the Empire of the Sea;
" To Jehovah, Lord, and King!

" Long may his Almighty hand
" Support Britannia's *scepter'd sway*:
" Protective shield her favour'd land,
" With Peace, sweet Peace, thy halcyon *day!*"

With all due submission and veneration for the *lofty flights* of genius, we would beg an explanation, if Mr. GRETTON's leisure will permit, of this pious rhapsody, this poetical and metaphorical ejaculation. We have frequently heard of the Almighty hand of Providence being stretched out to protect a favoured country; but we must candidly confess that the florid expressions made use of by the Poet on this occasion—" Support Britannia's *sceptered sway*," and " Protective shield her favour'd land, With Peace, *thy halcyon day!*"—are infinitely above the level of our comprehension.

But to take leave of Mr. GRETTON and his glorious Muse for the present; we must, in justice to Mr. BUSBY observe, that the incongruity, with respect to the *theme* of his *New Oratorio*, and the *ostensible occasion*—to wit, the erection of a *Naval Pillar*, in the *first* instance, and a contribution in aid of the *Humane Society* in the *second*, (on which we above commented) is not so much imputable to the *composer*, as it is to those who made themselves beyond necessity active in the business, and afterwards deranged the plan they had themselves concerted. Mr. BUSBY originally undertook the setting of GRAY's Ode to music on a speculation of his own, under the title of *British Genius*, (a

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title to which the words are strictly applicable) without the most distant reference to the purpose to which his composition was afterwards rendered subservient. The stanzas which terminate the first act, are only a *part* of the lines which were furnished by the EDITOR of the DRAMATIC CENSOR, as a substitute for Mr. GRAY's *apostrophe* to himself, commencing with the words, "*Oh, lyre divine! what daring spirit?*" &c. In lieu of these, Mr. DUTTON wrote the subjoined verses, keeping in view the title originally given by Mr. BUSBY to his *Oratorio*, viz. *British Genius*, and connecting his lines with the closing words of GRAY, relative to DRYDEN—"*But, ah! 'tis heard no more!*"—Mr. DUTTON's verses run as follows—

* But not with DRYDEN's hallow'd lyre
Was *British Genius* destin'd to expire.
No!—Still to kindred Bards 'tis given
To wake the minstrelsy of Heaven!

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* These eight introductory lines were to have constituted a part of the *Oratorio*, as performed this evening at Covent-Garden Theatre, Miss TENNANT having promised the Composer to sing on the occasion. But a subsequent prohibition, which originated in the sordid mercenary dispositon of a certain person, (whose name, from a regard to the family, we forbear to mention) prevented that lady from fulfilling her promise, greatly to her own regret. In consequence of this prohibition, the eight lines in question were omitted, Miss TENNANT's name withdrawn, and another lady (Miss HOLLAND) substituted in her place. Mrs. DENMAN sang the remaining lines, commencing with "*Alike for generous Arts and Arms renown'd,*" as a *Recitative* and *Air*, and the last couplet was made a *Chorus*.

And still congenial worth shall claim
The Muse's tributary lay:
And still the Muse delight to pay
The just award of deathless fame!
Alike for generous Arts and Arms renown'd,
Thy fame, Britannia, flies the subject globe around.
In crowded ranks—a long, illustrious band—
Behold thy worthies stand;
The envy of the world!—the glory of their native land!
Neptune to thee consigns his watry reign,
To thee deputes the Trident of the Main!
Where'er the parted coasts his seas divide,
From Thames's fertile shores to Ganges' distant tide,
In triumph proud thy conquering Navies ride!
And *British Genius* still shall strike the lyre,
Whilst themes like these th' immortal strains inspire!

The audience was highly respectable, but not numerous; and the whole of the performance was received with great and merited applause.

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## DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, *June* 17, 1800.

LOVE FOR LOVE—*Congreve.* THE FOLLIES OF A DAY—*Holcroft.*

IN consequence of the indisposition of Miss BIGGS, Miss HEARD performed, for the first time, the part of *Angelica.* Her dress was peculiarly elegant and graceful, and the manner in which she supported the character did credit to her talents.

The Season terminated with the performances of this evening; which being closed, Mr. KING, on the part of the Proprietors and Performers, addressed the audience in a suitable speech, expressive

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of their gratitude for past favour and encouragement, and promising unremitting exertions to merit a continuance of public support and patronage. The House was crowded almost beyond all former precedent; and we speak strictly within compass, when we add, that some hundreds of persons were turned away for want of room.

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## DRURY-LANE, WEDNESDAY, *June* 18, 1800.

THE CHILD OF NATURE—*Mrs. Inchbald.* OTHELLO—*Shakespeare.*

THIS was a *free-night*, by grant of the Proprietors, for the benefit of Mr. LACY, who himself acted the part of *Othello*. Mr. CORY sustained, for the first time, the arduous character of *Iago*: Mr. HOLLAND (likewise for the first time) personated *Cassio*; and Mr. TALBOT (under the same predicament) appeared as the representative of *Roderigo*.

Mrs. POWELL played the interesting part of *Desdemona*; and *Emilia* found an able representative in the person of Mrs. SPARKS.

In the Comedy, Mrs. JORDAN displayed her accustomed sprightliness and *naivété*, as *Amanthis*. Miss HUMPHREYS (a lady whose name we seldom meet with in the bills) performed, for the first time, the part of the *Marchioness Merida*.

With the performances of this evening the Theatre finally closed. The Season, strictly speaking, terminated the preceding night.

*Dramatic*

## *Dramatic Intelligence, Correspondents, &c.*

THE *Haymarket Theatre* opened on Friday, the 13th instant, with the Comedy of *The Heir at Law*, and the Musical Entertainment, entitled, *The Castle of Sorrento*. We have already in our last Number apprized our readers of our intention to carry on this work *Monthly*, during the summer season, and shall therefore postpone our remarks upon the performances at the *Haymarket Theatre*, till the first Number of our *Monthly* publication, which will appear on the first of August, and be published regularly with the Magazines. Mean while, it may not be inexpedient to present our readers with a short sketch or outline of the new form which we intend to give to our work.

Independant of rendering it more miscellaneous, by embracing every topic connected with the Drama, we propose to enliven it by the insertion of *Original Dramatic Poetry*, which our readers may rest assured, shall not be *culled* from Newspapers, Magazines, and other periodical Publications, but be, as the title imports, *strictly original*, and, for the major-part, written by the EDITOR of the DRAMATIC CENSOR himself. We trust the specimens of poetical composition, which have already appeared in the course of our work, by the EDITOR, are such as to guarantee the reader, that the Poetry they have to expect from us, will be *above* the standard of *Ma-*

*gazine*

*gazine Poetry*, which has justly fallen into contempt. Though we convert our work into a Monthly Pubcation, we do not mean to sink its poetical character to the level of the *Monthly Magazine*.

We further propose to give a *monthly Abstract* of all *fashionable* and *leading* topics, which, we flatter ourselves, will be found to constitute a very interesting feature, as we are not in the habit of *slightly touching our theme*, of merely *skimming the surface*; but are known to wield a *bold, determined pen!* This declaration, however, is not to be misconstrued into a *Manifesto*, into an announcement that we mean, whilst we despise *timidity* and *meanness*, to run into the contrary extreme of *rashness*, into the *scandalum magnatum*. We know that "*truth lies in the middle.*" If the *great* are conspicuous for their *faults*, they are not less conspicuous for their *virtues*. The fact is, that illustrious rank, like every other mode of exaltation, renders a man more liable to general observation: of course faults, which in an *inferior* station would not be noticed, in *high life* become glaring; and *envy* feels peculiar satisfaction in scandalizing those, whose *rank*, not their *errors*, will be found to excite her malevolence. The public, therefore, will meet in our work with abundant food of rational entertainment, blended, we hope, with instruction and practical utility; but we totally disclaim any intention of making the DRAMATIC CENSOR the engine of oppression, the vehicle of scandal and malice.

Dr. H——

Dr. H—— is informed that his favour is come to hand. We thank him for his polite attention, and shall always be proud of his correspondence.

We have received a Copy of a *German Translation.* We know not from what quarter it proceeds, but we beg leave to return our thanks to the person who has obligingly sent it, and to inform *him* or *her*, that we shall be happy to notice it in any way *he* or *she* shall be pleased to point out, as far as is consistent with our plan.

☞ No. XXVI. which completes the *Second Volume*, and for the present our *Weekly Series*, besides much *Supplemental* matter, will contain the *Title-Page*, *Index*, and *Dedication*, &c. It will further comprise our promised *Strictures* on the *Institution* of the ROYAL ACADEMY.

## THEATRICAL CRITICISM, &c.

*THE STRANGER*, a Drama in Five Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane. Translated from the German of AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE, by BENJ. THOMPSON, Esq.

(Continued from page 204.)

IN the former part of our *Strictures* on this Play, we pointed out the several causes and collateral events which, in a great measure, gave that bias to

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the public mind, to which KOTZEBUE stands more indebted, than to his own intrinsic merit, for the popularity* attached to his name and productions in this country. We further pointed out the disgraceful traffic carried on, under the auspices of dulness and rapacity, by the indiscriminate and vile *manufacture* of German translations, by persons totally incompetent to the task. This consideration naturally led us to descant, as well on the obloquy entailed upon the national literary character by such a procedure, as upon the general merits of the periodical publication, entitled *The German Theatre*, (of which the Drama of *The Stranger* forms the first Number) which promised, in a great measure, to remove that obloquy, and to render our translations respectable in the eyes of the literati of that country to which the original authors of the works in question belong. We have read Mr. THOMPSON's translations with great care, and we congratulate him on the success of his laudable enterprize.

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* We are happy to perceive that this preposterous and ill-deserved popularity is now, and has been for a considerable time, greatly on the decline. The period, we hope, is not far distant, when the native genius of the country will again experience fair play; when the public will bestow their patronage and encouragement, not on a *pseudo German Shakespeare*, (as some critics have thought proper to baptize this *foreign* Dramatist) but upon our *own illustrious bard*; and when our writers, in general, will find it more their interest to tread in the footsteps of that *great original*, and copy *nature*, than to fashion their works to the model of a *German* upstart, than to manufacture Dramas *à la Kotzebue!*

To enter into a general criticism of a Drama so well known, so repeatedly performed, and so universally read, as *The Stranger*, would be only repeating what has been already sufficiently remarked and commented upon by others. Its beauties, as well as its defects, have been amply investigated. That it abounds with improbabilities and contradictions, we readily allow: that it borders rather upon the marvellous, that husband and wife should reside so long on the same spot, a spot secluded from much promiscuous intercourse, yet never stumble upon each other (though both parties are represented as persons remarkably fond of *perambulation*) till the very day with which the Drama opens;—this too we readily admit. But then, on the other hand, we shall not easily be persuaded that it does not possess countervailing beauties, which fully atone for any occasional blemishes and imperfections. Still less shall we easily be prevailed upon to give our vote and sanction to the *blue-stocking* morality of that *pious* and *sanctimonious spinster*, the grave Miss HANNAH MORE. Still less shall we concur with her in inveighing against the *turpitude* of a Drama, which to us appears founded upon principles strictly consonant with *virtue*; though not, perhaps, perfectly accordant with the *puritanical purity* of *stale virginity*; with the *prudish maxims* of *elderly maiden-philosophy*. If the penitence and *implied* forgiveness of a seduced wife be, as is pretended by Miss HANNAH, an outrage of all princi-

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ple, a direct violation of decorum, the charge applies with much greater weight and cogency to one of the first, and we scruple not to add, one of the most *moral* Dramas the English language has to boast—*Jane Shore.* There we meet with a wife more culpably guilty, and persevering longer in the path of error and of vice than *Mrs. Haller*; yet her penitence is allowed to atone for past frailty, and that forgiveness is fully, *formally accorded* on the part of the husband, which in the *Stranger*, is only *conjectural* and *implied.*

But let us return from this digression, and leave the *pious* Miss HANNAH to hug herself in the consciousness of unswerving, uncontaminated, *unattempted* innocence, though the BIBLE expressly assures us, on no less an authority than CHRIST himself, that "there is more joy in heaven over *one* sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons, that need *no* repentance,"—(but no doubt the *sanctimonious* Miss HANNAH is an exception to this *gospel* rule),—let us leave this digression and Miss HANNAH likewise, and return to the consideration of the Drama itself, as the immediate object of our critical enquiry.

As a *translation*, we are happy in having it in our power to bestow great and unqualified commendation upon Mr. THOMPSON's performance. And, without vanity, we may be allowed to attach some weight to our opinion, in this respect, as we have a *right*—a right acknowledged by Reviewers the m-

selves (even by * Reviewers who are *decidedly* and *personally hostile* to us) to consider ouselves tolerable,

* We are not apt to *forget* ill-usage, however circumstances may cause us to *procrastinate* our resentment of it. Among other vehicles of criticism, a certain *Monthly Publication*, which, after instancing the several translations made of a very popular German Drama, by Mr. LEWIS, Miss PLUMTRE, and the EDITOR of the DRAMATIC CENSOR, expressly declares, that "Mr. DUTTON is *more competent* to translate from the German, than any of his rivals," but accompanies this avowal with sundry ill-natured remarks, may rest assured, that an opportunity will not long be wanting, of exposing its insignificance and vileness.

In opposition to the *venal*, *interested* reports of such *unprincipled* scribblers, we shall content ourselves with citing the authority of that respectable publication, the *Monthly Review*, which speaks of Mr. DUTTON's translation of *Pizarro*—(a translation, by the bye, which was begun and finished in little more than a week, though the *notes* added to the version, surpass in *quantity* the Play itself)—as follows:

"Mr. DUTTON has decorated his translation of KOTZEBUE's "Play with a variety of notes and illustrations, and also with cri- "ticisms on the other versions by Mr. LEWIS, and by Miss "PLUMTRE; in order, no doubt, that his readers may infer the "*superiority* of *his* performance; and, to do him justice, we think "that he has *succeeded*. He has likewise extended his strictures to "Mr. SHERIDAN's celebrated *Pizarro*; and not only to the Play, "as given to the Public from the pen of that gentleman; but to "many circumstances in the conduct and *management* of the *exhi-* "*bition*. He has thrown out many remarks, serious, ludicrous, "and satiric, which merit the attention of those who cater for the "Public in the Dramatic line.

"Should Mr. DUTTON proceed in exercising the office of *Censor* "*of the Stage*, he certainly may become as formidable to our *Play-* "*wrights* and *Actors* of the present age, as Parson COLLIER was "to those of the last century. COLLIER did good, and so may "his *successor*."—See *Monthly Review*, for August, 1799.

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perhaps *competent* judges of translations from the German. Like Mr. THOMPSON, we have acquired our knowledge of that language, not from a *grammar*, a *dictionary*, and a *few lessons*, but from *practice*, from *habit*, from a *long residence* in Germany, and in that particular, identical part of Germany (to wit, *Saxony*) where the language is spoken in its greatest purity. Further, we flatter ourselves, that our writings prove us to be competent masters of the *English* language, to decide on the merits of a translation from the German, with respect to the elegance of diction, fluency of style, and idiomatic propriety in general. If we had any fault to find with Mr. THOMPSON's translations, it would be on the score of his adhering *too closely* to the original; of his being too *literal*. But when we contrast *his* versions with the generality of translations, we scarcely know how to censure him on this point. He is clear and distinct, without being *paraphrastic*; which latter quality is a fault into which most translators, and we ourselves among the rest, are but too apt to give. There is one trifling inadvertency, indeed, which Mr. THOMPSON frequently commits; we allude to the use of the *adjective*, instead of the *verb*. He very often writes *scarce* for *scarcely*, &c.

We cannot, however, close our remarks on this Play, without noticing a circumstance in the *advertisement*, referring to the rejection of an adapted version of *The Stranger*, which, it seems, was put into the hands of the Managers of Drury-Lane Theatre,

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by a Mr. SHANCK; but, according to that Gentleman's statement, returned with an answer, signifying, that " the Managers did not think it would succeed in representation." It is not our intention to enter into a comparison of the relative merits of the two versions; all that we shall take the liberty of remarking is, that we cannot perfectly agree with Mr. THOMPSON, in ascribing the rejection of Mr. SHANCK's Play, merely to its imperfections. We are firmly of opinion, that many Dramas of far inferior pretensions have been adopted by the Manager; and we must beg leave to think, that if Mr. THOMPSON had not been backed by *strong interest*, Messrs. SHERIDAN and GRUBB would not have taken the pains of writing the Songs which bear their signatures—see page 45, 46, and 47, of *The Stranger*—nor would her GRACE the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE have been induced to set one of them to music.

FINE

# FINE ARTS, &c.

## *EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,*

### FOR THE YEAR 1800.

### NUMBER VII.

No. 536. *Portrait of Master Gosling.*—Sir Wm. Beechey, R. A.

This Artist has shown, as well by the *number* as by the *merit* of his productions, that preferment has not (as but too frequently proves the case) paralized his energies. He does not appear to copy the example of but too many of his R. A. brethren, who seem to consider the *Academy* as the place "*where men rest from their labours!*" as a hospital for the reception of *emeriti*, who, after their admission, have nothing to do but turn drones, and fatten on their lees. On the contrary, he has evinced himself *indefessus agendo*—Like Cæsar,—

*Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum.*

Of the present article, it would not be an easy task to speak in terms of exaggerated commendation. It exhibits a happy instance of a combination of excellencies, and possesses, in an eminent degree, one of the proudest and most valuable characteristics of the pictures of the late Sir Joshua Reynolds; to wit, the property of pleasing beyond its classification as a mere portrait.—For correctness of drawing, clearness of colouring, and breadth of *chiaro-scuro*, it has not its superior in the Exhibition. Though remarkably brilliant, it is equally chaste, not overstepping, in the slightest point, the modesty of Nature. This is an object which we wish to impress upon the public mind, as glare, tawdriness, and affectation, seem to be the order of the day with the present race of painters. It is not because we receive pleasure from saying harsh things, that we have been induced to assume the *censorial* function: it is not, as Mr. Dighton reproaches us, to "gratify a "splenetic

" splenetic disposition," or to " soothe the pangs of disappointed " ambition," that we have taken up the " *critic's avocation.*"—No! we have been compelled to this line of conduct by motives of a very different cast from those assigned by our correspondent.—Our wish is to correct at once the error of the *individual*, and to disseminate the genuine rudiments of taste among the *public at large.* As to inflated *cognoscenti* and venal *picture-mongers*, we despair of success in that quarter, and therefore leave them to wander in the maze of ignorance and self-sufficiency. We shall only add, that if occasionally we are severe upon particular Artists, it is the severity of a humane benevolent surgeon, who probes a wound, not for the sake of inflicting pain, but from a wish to effect a thorough cure.

No. 559. *Portrait of Mr. Carlisle.*—T. KEARSLEY.

WE always receive pleasure from contemplating the small heads of this Artist, among which the present portrait is entitled to peculiar commendation. It is at once deep and clear, and the whole in perfect repose. We are happy to find that Mr. KEARSLEY possesses a sufficient share of good sense to be convinced, that it is not necessary to paint *large*, *staring*, and *impertinent* pictures to acquire a reputation.

No. 560. *Portrait of Count Rumford.*—R. SMITH.

A spirited sketch, in crayons, of a Gentleman, whose memory will ever remain sacred in the annals of humanity and expanded philanthropy. Count RUMFORD has approved himself not the visionary chimerical philosopher, not the modern *illuminè*, but the practical, experimental friend of the human race!

No. 576. *View near Rydal, Westmoreland.*—J. IBBETSON.

WE congratulate this Artist on the improvement he evidently has made in his profession. His pictures are less hard and dry, and possess more aërial perspective than formerly.

*(To be continued).*

LONDON: Printed by W. JUSTINS, Pemberton Row, Gough-Square Fleet Street.